

# Saturday Magazine.

No. 649.

AUGUST



13<sup>TH</sup>, 1842.

{ PRICE  
ONE PENNY.

## RAMSGATE.



THE PIER, RAMSGATE.

THE town of Margate, as we detailed in a recent article, owes nearly all its importance to its attractions as a bathing-place; but the town of *Ramsgate*, now to be noticed, presents features of a more commercial character. This sea-port, which is distant about seventeen miles from Canterbury, and seventy-three from London, is beautifully situated on the declivity of a hill, opening southward to the sea; commanding at different positions very delightful landscapes, and extensive marine views—the latter, in favourable weather, embracing a portion of the French coast between Calais and Boulogne.

Ramsgate is one of the subordinate members of the Cinque Ports, a denomination which needs some explanatory remark. During the reign of King Edward the Confessor, five sea-port towns on the south-eastern coast of England, nearest to the French coast, were incorporated by a peculiar charter, under the common designation of the *Cinque Ports*, or "Five Ports." These ports were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, the burghers of which, on consideration of certain services to be performed by their shipping at sea, &c., were exonerated from such contributions and burdens as other towns had generally to bear; and this appears to have been the origin of the privileges of the Cinque Ports, now no longer of much practical value to the nation, whatever they may be to the townsmen themselves. In or about the reign of Henry III., two other towns were added to the list, viz., Winchelsea and Rye; and also a number of other towns, considered as "members" or dependents of the other seven. When therefore we state that Ramsgate is a "member" of the cinque port of Sandwich, the meaning of the term will be at once understood.

Ramsgate was in former times an obscure fishing-

village; but circumstances occurred about the end of the seventeenth century to originate an extensive trade with Russia and the Baltic provinces. But the most important step in the improvement of the town was the construction of the magnificent harbour, planned about ninety years ago. This harbour though intended originally only for ships of three hundred tons burden, has been since so much improved as to be now capable of receiving ships of five hundred tons. The pier, which forms the boundary to the harbour, is chiefly built of Portland and Purbeck stone. It extends about eight hundred feet into the sea in a straight line, with a width of twenty-six feet; and then turns at an angle, forming another face, four hundred and fifty feet in length, with an octagon of sixty feet diameter at the extremity. The same arrangements exist on the other side; and between the two is the entrance into the harbour, two hundred feet in width. The harbour contains an area of nearly fifty acres. After the construction of the harbour, Smeaton was employed to devise certain improvements in it on account of a great accumulation of mud having been formed in its bed. A cross wall was erected in the upper part of the harbour, with sluices; and the pier was extended three hundred feet beyond the former termination, as a means of facilitating the entrance of ships during hard gales of wind. The harbour is also provided with a good dry dock, with convenient store-houses. Early in the present century, a stone lighthouse, provided with argand lamps and reflectors, was constructed on the head of the western pier, while a small battery is fixed at the head of the east pier. The public advantages which have been derived from this capacious harbour are very great, but the improvements

in the town within the last few years have been principally brought about by the resort of private families to Ramsgate as a bathing-place.

To defray the expenses of this admirable harbour, certain dues are collected from British vessels passing the harbour to or from foreign parts; and coasters which do not contribute to similar establishments in the ports to which they belong, viz., Dover, Lyme-Regis, Melcombe-Regis, Weymouth, and Great Yarmouth, pay an annual rate; foreign vessels, also, if entering or passing the harbour, and bound to, or touching at, an English port, are liable to the payment of dues. All legal proceedings are carried on in the name of the deputy master of the Trinity House.

The town of Ramsgate, like that of Dover, is situated at a point where the chalk cliffs are perforated by a natural valley or hollow, called in the Isle of Thanet, a "gate," or a "stair." Both in Dover and in Ramsgate the older parts of the town are built in this natural depression; while the newer portions occupy the higher ground on either side. The modern portion of Ramsgate, from its elevated site on the cliffs, commands an extensive sea-view, and consists of several streets macadamized and lighted with gas; many of the houses are very handsome, some being arranged in streets, terraces, or crescents; while others are detached villas.

Near the spot where the eastern pier springs from the beach, an obelisk is erected in commemoration of the visit of George IV. to Ramsgate. On the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Hanover, Ramsgate was chosen as the place of embarkation, as also of landing in the return. The King arrived there, on the outward journey, on the 24th September, 1821; slept at the house of Sir William Curtis, near the esplanade, which overlooks the harbour; and proceeded to the pier in the morning. In the midst of a large assemblage of visitors, the King embarked in his yacht, and proceeded out into the channel. On the return voyage, His Majesty landed at Ramsgate on the 8th of November, and proceeded thence to London. The obelisk erected to commemorate these visits, and constructed by private subscription, is of granite; the proportions being those of the larger of the two obelisks at the entrance of Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and two-thirds of the size. The height is fifty feet, and the workmanship very complete. On the side facing the harbour is inscribed:—"To George the Fourth, King of Great Britain."

Among the charitable and benevolent institutions of Ramsgate, may be mentioned the Dispensary for the sick poor of the town, who are supplied gratuitously with medicines. In the first seven years during which this charity was in operation, upwards of five thousand of the poorer inhabitants shared in the benefits conferred by it. The places of worship in the town are numerous: the principal being the parish church. Ramsgate was formerly in the parish of St. Lawrence; but in consequence of the church of that parish being too distant from Ramsgate, a commodious chapel of ease was erected some years ago by the inhabitants, having a gallery all round it, and a fine organ. But as the population of the town increased, this chapel was found inadequate to accommodate all the members of the Established Church in the place; and accordingly an Act of Parliament was obtained in the year 1827, authorising the separation of the parish into two, the moiety including Ramsgate being dedicated to St. George. A church was thereupon built in the new parish, capable of containing two thousand persons. The external appearance of this church, which is in the florid Gothic order of architecture, is very beautiful. On the summit of the steeple is an octagonal lantern, which stands nearly a hundred and forty feet above the pavement. The cost of this great ornament to the town was about twenty-four thousand pounds, of which two thousand were subscribed by the inhabitants, nine thou-

sand presented by the commissioners, and the remainder lent by the latter named body, to be repaid within a certain period.

The baths at Ramsgate, though perhaps not so striking as those at Margate, are sufficiently commodious. They comprise the usual varieties of bathing-machines, bathing-rooms, warm baths, &c. The assembly-rooms, libraries, hotels, &c., are also similar to those found at Margate and other watering-places.

There is at Ramsgate a considerable coasting trade; coal is imported in large quantities; and ship-building and rope-making are also carried on. It has been stated as an illustration of the difference between Ramsgate and Margate, in respect of the comparative commercial features of the two places, that though the population of Margate exceeded that of Ramsgate, in 1831, by 2400, there are not half as many persons engaged in retail trade or handicraft at the former, as at the latter. In respect of education, the following enumeration of schools and scholars was made in the year 1833:—two infant schools, with 217 children of both sexes; a national day and Sunday school, with 160 boys and 100 girls; twenty day schools, estimated to contain 525 children; six boarding schools, with about 170 children, and three Sunday schools, with 300 children.

We know of few more beautiful sea views than that which is obtained from the esplanade running along the cliff westward of the harbour. Elevated many feet above the level of the sea, we obtain a full view of the whole harbour, with its two piers, the cross wall separating the inner from the outer harbour, the light-house and the shipping; while the broad and grassy terrace between the palisade and the houses varies the picture when the eye turns land-ward. When viewed with the setting sun throwing a broad shadow beyond all elevated objects on the surface of the water, and tinting ships and buildings with a ruddy hue, the harbour presents a scene of considerable beauty. The esplanade being elevated considerably above the pier, but the latter being brought up in contact with the cliff itself, a stair-case called "Jacob's Ladder," has been cut in the face of the cliff, to connect the pier with the esplanade.

The elevated terrace leads onward for a considerable distance westward, till we arrive at the corner of Pegwell Bay, a singular hollow or bend in the coast between Ramsgate and Sandwich. This bay may best be seen by travelling—if on the top of a stage-coach, so much the more advantageous—from Sandwich to Ramsgate, a distance of about seven miles. We first cross the river Stour, which, by its communication with the river Wantsum, renders this part of Kent an island, known as the Isle of Thanet. As we pass through the little village of Stone, and northward towards Ramsgate, we see on the right hand a broad expanse of sea, facing Pegwell Bay. But such is the extreme shallowness and slow declivity of the beach, that the sea runs out nearly two miles at low water, leaving a sandy beach between it and the land. The appearance of the bay hence varies very considerably according to the height of tide, when it is viewed. Very shortly after crossing the Stour, we can discern the pier at Ramsgate jutting out into the sea at the other extremity. The whole northern shore of Pegwell Bay, unlike the western, is marked by a line of elevated chalk cliffs coming down close to the sea; on which, at various spots, are elegant villas, and small villages almost on the verge of the cliff. When about two-thirds of the distance has been traversed, we lose sight of the bay, and take a course somewhat inland to the neat little town of St. Lawrence, from which a descent through the hollow wherein the old part of Ramsgate is built, brings us down immediately close to the harbour.



## THE WOODLANDS.

BY JOHN GIBSON, A SHERWOOD FOREST YOUTH.

COME to the woodlands! Summer hath unfurled  
His broad green banner to the breathing wind.  
Come to the woodlands! leave the ungentle world,  
Where foes are numerous—friends are seldom kind:  
Where care's dim arrows ever round are hurled,  
Till unto death the wounded heart hath pined.  
Come, where wild blossoms shun the sultry heat,  
And twining boughs in graceful arches meet;  
Where twilight streams o'er nature's shady face,  
We'll smile and hearken on through many a sylvan place.

Pleasant a woodland ramble, through dim alleys  
Winding most strangely to some secret glade,  
Where the clear brook, with murmuring music, sallies  
From shade to sunlight, and again to shade,  
Luring our footsteps to sweet quiet valleys,  
Down slopes of fern, with starry blooms inlaid;  
Reaching at times the woodverge, where the light  
Shows far-receding many a rural height,  
Forest, and wold, and flowery pasture-ground,  
Silvered with winding streams—with grey hills belted round.

Here the wild honeysuckles climb, and fold  
The gnarled boughs with spires and leafy knots,  
And clustered blossoms, striped with red and gold,  
Bowering the sunshine from the loveliest spots—  
Sweet trysting-places for young Love—which hold,  
Three seasons through, their rich and dewy plots  
Of wild wood-flowers, wooing the loitering air  
To steal amongst the mossy roots, and hear  
The upbreathing incense as it sails away  
Between the rustling trees to golden-lighted day.

Unwares we come to some delightful nook  
In the close by-paths, where the trees thrust down  
Their knotted roots into the humming brook,  
And with their leafy helms, and branches brown,  
Darken from daylight and night's starry look  
(Till rugged winds crush Autumn's golden crown)  
The waters rippling through the swaling weeds,  
Tall-bladed sedge, and clumps of dark-plumed reeds—  
Swaying the white-bell'd lilies to and fro;  
Like fairy-shallops moored from noontide's burning glow.

The sylvan dwellers here lead gentle lives—  
Hark! the merle's voice, in a melodious breeze,  
Blends with the woodspite's clamour, as he rives  
The withering bark; and golden-armoured bees,  
With murmuring trumpets, sail from woody hives  
To the blue arch of heaven through yielding trees;  
The lonely pigeon, cooing from her nest  
On the dark pine, up-bows her trembling breast,  
And broadening throat, emblazed with rich-dyed rings—  
Bending her head the while between her fluttering wings.

The spotted deer, frayed at approaching sound,  
Ceasing to browse the dewy vert, upturn  
Their antlered foreheads suddenly around—  
Leap the wild thorns, and 'mongst the towering fern  
Dash from the sight. Along the nut-strewn ground  
Sports the brown squirrel, or you now discern  
The shrill-voiced vagrant leap from bough to bough.  
And in near meadows, hark! the lowing cow,  
The sheep's hoarse bleating, its sharp-jangling bell,  
And children's joyous whoops, ringing o'er hill and dell.

Soon might the woods seem haunted as of old,  
With half-veiled nymphs and mystic deities—  
Such spots of awful beauty we behold,  
Where light and shadow battle in the trees,  
Whose skyward openings shape noon's streaming gold  
To wondrous semblance (as the eye may please)  
Of wreathed staff, and cup, and broad-mouthed horn,  
In ancient pageants by wild Sylvens borne,  
When goat-limbed Pan, and all his lusty band,  
Trampled with horned heels the echoing forest-land.

A sleight of Fancy!—in a moment, lo!  
The back-kneed Fauns their wildering dances trace—  
Sound the shrill pipe—the trumpet, loudening, blow,  
Starting the brown deer with a sound of chase.  
Down the dark aisles the noisy revellers go,  
By whispering founts, whence peeps the Naiad's face

Through the rich silver's fall. Green Dryads shed  
Leaves and bright blooms to crown the wood-god's head,  
And Grecian girls sing blithely, till the eye  
Loses the wild wood-dream—the lessening echoes die.

Or when the shadows deepen with the night,  
And Dædal fires on heaven's grey altar blaze;  
When the mild South uplifts the crescent's light,  
May we descry the moonlight-wakened fays  
Trooping from flowery halls—their kirtles bright  
Streaming along a hundred forest-ways;  
And hear their neighing palfreys sharply dash  
The clinking pebbles, and from thickets splash  
The steaming dews. When met on mossy lawns,  
Treading the dark-green rings, till rosy daylight dawns.

Beautiful woodland! childhood's sweetest hours,  
Morning, and noon, to evening's starry time,  
Have I beguiled amongst its shadowy bowers,  
Humming my dreamy thoughts in careless rhyme,  
Blithe as a wild bee booming round the flowers.  
Silence and twilight haunting its green clime,  
Shed their soft influence on my boyish heart,  
Till Care grew weary of its blunted dart:  
Hope showed me Life—a golden Summer's day!  
And Joy sung Time to sleep—then stole his sojourn away.

Why do we contend, and vex one another!—behold! death  
is over our heads, and we must shortly give an account of  
all our uncharitable words and actions. Think upon it,  
and be wise!—BUNTON.

## ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD DUNCE.

DUNCE is said by Johnson to be a word of unknown etymology. Staniburst explains it. The term Duns, from Scotus, "so famous for his subtil quiddities," he says, "is so trivial and common in all schools, that whose surpasseth others either in eviling sophistrie, or subtil philosophic, is forthwith nicknamed a Duns." This, he tells us in the margin, is the reason "why schoolmen are called Dunces." (*Description of Ireland*, p. 2.) The word easily passed into a term of scorn, just as a blockhead is called Solomon; a bully, a Hector; and as Moses is the vulgar name of contempt for a Jew.

\* For a portrait and notice of Duns Scotus, see *Saturday Magazine* Vol. I, p. 97.

## THE ADVANTAGES AND ABUSES OF TRAVELLING.

OF all the pleasures and luxuries which the blessings of modern peace have brought in their train, none are more universally desired, pursued, attained, and abused, than those of travelling. Of all the varying motives which impel the actions of mankind, at this or any time, none are so multifarious, so relative, so contradictory, and so specious as those of travelling. The young and ardent, borne on the wings of hope,—the listless and rapid, pushed forward on the mere dancing-wire of fashion,—the restless and disappointed, urged onward by the perpetual spur of excitement, all bring a different worship to the same idol. If there be good angels watching our movements from above, gazing, as the deaf, on the busy dance of life, and insensible to the jarring tunes which impel it, how utterly incomprehensible must those inducements appear to them which drive tens of thousands annually from their native shores, to seek enjoyments which at home they would not have extended a hand to grasp, to encounter discomforts which at home would have been shunned as positive misfortunes, to withhold their substance where it ill can be spared, to spend it where it were better away,—which leads individuals voluntarily to forsake all they can best love and trust, to follow a phantom, to double the chances of misfortune, or at best but to create to themselves a new home—to leave it again, in sorrow and heaviness of heart, like the old one. But such is human nature;—seldom enjoying a good thing but in anticipation, seldom prizing happiness till it is gone; and such the reflections, inconsistent if true, of one who, self-condemned, is following in the motley herd of emigrants, and who has now outwardly quitted all of England, save a narrow blue strip on the horizon which a finger may cover.—*Letters from the Baltic.*

## A VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE. III.



LINZ.

Our sketch of the Danube and its most striking features may fitly re-commence at Passau, the first town of any note arrived at after leaving Donaustauf, described in our last article.

Passau is situated at the angle where the river Inn pours its waters into the Danube, and derives much of its beauty and importance from the size of the first-named stream; indeed the Inn is at this point larger in diameter and volume, and has had a longer course than the Danube, although the latter is the name by which the remaining course of the united rivers is known. Passau is one of those places which, by the operation of various circumstances, have diminished in importance. It was once the capital of an ecclesiastical principality, but is now a frontier town of Bavaria, with a population of about nine thousand inhabitants. Passau proper occupies the tongue of land at the junction of the two rivers; but there are suburbs separated from it by both streams. The town is more remarkable for its situation than for the buildings contained within it: which consists of a *Dom* or cathedral, a modern building in the Italian style; a church dedicated to St. Michael; a school, once occupied as a Jesuits' college; the Government house, once the Bishop's palace; and a few others.

The situation of Passau has been described as one of the most striking in the whole course of the Danube: being shut in by high mountains and beetling precipices. The beauty of its position can be best seen from the fortress of Oberhaus, built by the bishops of Passau on the northern shore of the Danube. This fortress was intended to overawe the citizens, and to serve as a place of refuge for the bishops in time of danger. In turbulent times the guns of the fortress have fired down upon the town; but at present it is only occupied by a small garrison belonging to the crown. Roadways have been cut under and around the fortress, by which its

grandeur of appearance is brought more within the cognizance of visitors.

From Passau to the town of Linz, the next place of importance on the route to Vienna, the distance is such as can easily be travelled in one day by a private boat on the mighty river. In no part of the Danube is there a scene presented more beautiful than that which meets the eye of the voyager just after leaving Passau. An English traveller who made this passage a few years ago thus speaks of the scene presented:—

As we pushed off from the bank, the sun rose gloriously from behind the dark heights which close in the river to the east, and lighted up the towers and domes of Passau; first tipping their spires and summits, and then gradually descending upon the white walls and glittering windows of the houses. The two noble vistas formed by the Inn and Danube, up which the view extends to a considerable distance, divide the town itself into three clusters of buildings. On the left rises the double-towered church of Mariahef, and on the right the feudal towers and straggling battlements of the Fortress Oberhaus sweep down the rock to the junction of Danube and Black Ilz. For nearly two miles the left bank is lined with piles of trunks of trees, which have been floated down the Ilz from the Bohemian mountains, and are collected here in readiness to be transported to Vienna. The first bend of the river that hides Passau from view, presents an extraordinary change of scene; in an instant you are transported into the midst of a silent solitude far removed to all appearance from the city's busy hum, and surrounded on all sides by steep mountains, clad with dark woods. The river spreads itself out into the dimensions of a lake, within a well-wooded amphitheatre of hills, which so close it in on all sides that for some time it appears uncertain in which direction it is destined to find exit. Here and there sequestered ravines, with cottages or small villages nestling in the mouth of them, are disclosed to view.

On the banks of the Danube between Passau and Linz is situated the Bavarian village of Haffnerzell,



celebrated for a mine of black-lead, which substance is extensively employed in the manufacture of crucibles, for which its heat-sustaining powers render it peculiarly valuable.

Quitting the river, and travelling from Passau to Linz by land, we meet with the towns or villages of Neuhaus, Schärding, Siegharding, Bayerbach, and Eferding; but these we must dismiss without further mention, and enter at once the town of Linz, situated on the south bank of the river. This is an important town, numbering nearly twenty-four thousand inhabitants, and containing much that is indicative of commercial industry. The Schloss, once a palace of the Austrian dukes, and occupying a lofty position, is now used as a prison; and the Landhaus, now used for government offices, was formerly a Franciscan convent; but the remaining buildings seem to have retained their original appropriation. Linz is one of the German towns which begin to exhibit the feature of railroad-travelling; for it is the point of junction of two railways, one proceeding northward into Bohemia (the first railway constructed in Germany) and the other proceeding southward to the salt districts.

The most conspicuous feature presented by this town is the system of fortification. It is said to have been constructed on a new plan by Prince Maximilian. Most fortified towns have a continuous wall surrounding them, with bastions, gates, &c., at intervals: but Linz is surrounded by a chain of thirty-two isolated forts, situated two or three miles from the town, and having communication from one to another by means of a covered way; thus occupying a circuit of nearly nine miles. Each tower is thirty-feet high and eighty in diameter, but is sunk so far into the ground as to leave only the roof visible, having a deep ditch surrounding it. There are three stories or floors in each fort, the lower serving as a powder-magazine, the middle one as a barrack for troops, and the upper one a platform mounted with ten guns, so placed as to command the approaches in every direction. This is understood to be an experiment, the excellence of which will not be tested unless war should unhappily break forth; the advantages aimed at are—that each individual fort must be made the object of a separate attack by the enemy, and that the expense of construction may be less than that of the ordinary method. Visitors are permitted to inspect the interior of one of these forts, which is said to bear a considerable resemblance to the deck of a man-of-war.

Shortly after passing Linz, the Danube exhibits evidences of the effects which a running stream exerts on the contiguous banks. The village of Steyerreck, once close to the river, is now distant a mile and a half from it; the intervening tract of land having been filled up with sand and mud brought down by the river. Many shoals and sand-banks also occur near this part, calling for great circumspection on the part of the boatmen. On the right bank, shortly after passing the mouth of the Traun, the traveller comes in sight of the monastery of St. Florian; and near it, on an island in the middle of the stream, near a dangerous rapid, is the castle of Spielberg, once owned by a party of pirates or banditti, who attacked vessels passing down the river.

A little farther onward the traveller meets with a combination of objects not a little calculated to rouse and excite him. Below the little village of Grein, the river is contracted in width so suddenly as to be hemmed within one-fourth of its previous dimensions; while the mountains on either side becoming higher and higher the channel presents all the appearance of a gorge or defile. The dark and gloomy forests, extending from the mountain-tops down to the river; the castles surmounting the banks on either side; and the violent course of the river,—all conspire to produce a grand and picturesque scene. This gorge or defile terminates at an island which occupies the centre of the river, dividing it into two branches, of which one only is capable of

being navigated with safety. Even this one branch is a channel of no inconsiderable danger, for across it stretches a reef of small rocks, known by the name of the *Strudel*, over which a boat is hurried with fearful velocity. No sooner is this danger past, than the traveller sees before him another small island or rock in the middle of the river; so situated as to cause a boiling and foaming whirlpool, called the *Wirbel*, in the stream. The current here flows in all directions at once; inasmuch that an eddy, twenty or thirty feet over, is formed concave in appearance, and sunk three or four feet in the middle. To steer their boat clear of this eddy is a task requiring considerable skill and care on the part of the boatmen, who are accustomed to repeat a prayer to the Virgin for protection, on arriving near this spot. In accordance with the custom of Roman Catholic countries, crucifixes are placed on many points of the surrounding rocks.

Shortly after passing this notable spot, the banks of the river sink in altitude, and give an appearance of open country to the surrounding scene. Directing our attention to the right bank, we meet with the little river and town of Ips; and beyond these, the ruins of a Cistercian abbey, burnt by the French in 1809. Then comes the convent of Mölk, whose appearance from the river is very beautiful. This convent was built rather more than a century ago, and occupies the site of an earlier building, once a palace of the Princes of Austria. When Bonaparte invaded Austria between the years 1805 and 1809, large contributions were levied on the monks; who showed that they were not deficient in the good things of this world, by being able to supply the French army, from their own conventual cellars, with fifty thousand pints of wine, per diem, for several days in succession. The church belonging to the convent is decorated in a very magnificent manner; and indeed the whole establishment strikingly illustrates the splendour of some of the continental monastic buildings.

The left bank of the river, after leaving the rapid and whirlpool, exhibits a pleasant summer retreat of the late Emperor Francis: and near it is a hill on which a church has been built, in connexion with a superstitious tradition of the peasantry. The tradition runs thus—that an image of the Virgin used formerly to be attached to an old oak-tree, beneath which the peasantry, after offering up their prayers for a good harvest, were wont to feast once a year. When the oak-tree had decayed by age, a woodman was about to cut it down; but the blow of his axe lighted on his own foot instead of on the tree. On looking up, and seeing the image attached to the tree, he became penitent for his meditated act; and his wound was instantly cured. This story, strange as it may sound to English ears, is so fully believed by the Austrian peasantry, that many thousand pilgrims every year visit the little church wherein this image is now deposited.

Among the castles which from time to time come in view between Linz and Vienna is that of *Aggstein*, celebrated as having been once tenanted by robbers, one of whom, named Schreckenwald, is said to have been accustomed to precipitate his victims from the castle into a profound abyss; while two others, brothers, named Kuenring, were cut short in their career of rapine by a merchant, who, concealing thirty armed men in a vessel which he expected would be attacked by the robbers on its passage down the Danube, succeeded in capturing them. Another of these castles is that of *Dürrenstein*, known in history as that in which Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, on his way home from the Holy Land. The castle was, for the most part, destroyed by the Swedes in 1645, after they had captured it from the Austrians; but sufficient remains to countenance the opinion that the "Lion-hearted" Richard spent here several months of the captivity to which he was subjected by the treachery of Leopold of Austria.

As the river approaches the imperial city of Vienna, it becomes gradually uninteresting, from the flatness and nakedness of its banks. On the left bank is the town of Stein, containing four thousand inhabitants; and about a mile from it is the somewhat larger town of Krems, celebrated for its manufacture of gunpowder. Between the two is an isolated building, occupied as a military hospital, whose name, *Und*, has given rise to a German riddle—*Krems Und Stein sind drei Orten*: "Krems and Stein are three places;" the point arising from the German equivalent for "and" being "*und*." On the right bank of the river we meet with the convent of Gottwich; and near it the small town of Tullor, in the plain around which John Sobieski assembled his army when about to proceed to rescue Vienna from the Turks, in 1683.

Here we arrive at Vienna, where we shall leave the reader for the present; referring to one of our past volumes\* for a description of that city.

\* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. IV., p. 122.

### SPARE MINUTES.

#### MEDITATED RESOLVES AND RESOLVED MEDITATIONS.

It is one not of the least evils, not to avoid the appearance of evil, which often makes the innocent justly punished with undeserved suspicion. I would desire to be thought good, but yet I had rather be so. It is no small happiness to be free from suspicion, but a greater to be void of offence. I would willingly be neither evil nor suspected; but of the two I had rather be suspected and not deserve it, than deserve evil and not be suspected.

I know but one way to Heaven, I have but one Mediator in Heaven, even one Christ; and yet I hear of more ways, more Mediators. Are there then more Christs? *Are the Lord's ways as your ways*, that we must go to the King of Heaven as unto a King on earth? Or if we must, yet if my King bid me come, shall I send another? If he bid me come unto him, shall I go unto another? If he bid me ask for peace only in the name of the Prince of Peace, why should I mention the Lady Mary? If I shall be heard only in the name of his Son, why should I use the name of his servants? Were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience, to come when I am bid? Is another better, or am I too good to go in mine own errands to the Almighty? Because the Son was worse used than the servants on earth, shall the servants therefore be sooner heard than the Son in Heaven? There are still unjust husbandmen in the Lord's vineyard, who not only abuse the servants, but kill again the Son, and rob him of his due inheritance. When the Lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do to these husbandmen? I do not envy your glory, ye Saints of God, yet I will not attribute the glory of my God to his Saints. How shall my God glorify me if I should give his glory to another?

To be without passion is worse than a beast; to be without reason is to be less than a man. Since I can be without neither, I am blessed in that I have both. For if it be not against reason to be passionate, I will not be passionate against reason. I will both grieve and joy if I have reason for it, but no joy nor grief above reason. I will so joy at my good as not to take evil by my joy; so grieve at any evil as not to increase my evil by my grief. For it is not a folly to have passion, but to want reason. I would be neither senseless, nor beastly.

I see at a feast that others feed heartily on that dish which perhaps would not suit with my appetite, whilst I make as good a meal on those cates that perhaps their palates could not relish. I will not therefore think I do well, because my actions please not others, nor be confident that my actions are good, because my doings please myself: but be more careful to provide what is good at a feast, than what's delightful; and more study to express what is honest in my actions, than what's pleasing. So if sick stomachs cannot relish my sound meats, the fault shall light on their ill appetites; and if unseasoned judgments like not my honest intentions, the fault shall fall on their ill-relished apprehensions. It would please me well to have praise when I deserve it; but joy me more to deserve praise when I have it.

It is the folly of wit in some to take pains to trim their labours in obscurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others, to labour to divest their pain by bluntness; the one thinking he never speaks wisely, till he goes beyond his own and all men's understandings; the other thinking he never speaks plainly, till he dive beneath the shallowest apprehension. I as little affect curiosity in the one, as I care for the affectation of baldness in the other. I would not have the pearl of Heaven's kingdom so curiously set in gold, as that the art of the workman should hide the beauty of the jewel: nor yet so slightly valued, as to be set in lead; or so beastly used as to be slubbered with dirt. I know the pearl (however placed) still retains its virtue, yet I had rather have it set in gold, than seek it in a dunghill. Neat apparel is an ornament to the body, but a disgrace if either proud or slovenly.

I see corruption so largely rewarded, that I doubt not but I should thrive in the world, could I get but a dispensation for my conscience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get me a great deal of favour, and I could buy a world of this world's love, with the sale of this little trifle, *honesty*. Were this world my home, I might perhaps be trading; but alas! these merchandize yield less than nothing in Heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conscience. The love of men is good while it lasteth: the love of God is better, being everlasting. Let me then trade for those heavenly merchandize: if I find these other in my way, they are a great deal more than I look for, and (within little) more than I care for.

As faith is the evidence of things not seen: so things that are seen are the perfecting of faith. I believe a tree will be green, when I see it leafless in winter: I know it is green when I see it flourishing in summer. It was a fault in Thomas not to believe till he did see; it were a madness in him not to believe when he did see. Belief may sometimes exceed reason, not oppose it; and faith be often above sense, not against it. Thus while faith doth assure me that I eat Christ effectually, sense must assure me that I taste bread really. For though I oftentimes see not those things that I believe, yet I must still believe those things that I see.

THERE is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of: none so wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemn the just, and not a few who justify the wicked. I often hear both envy and flattery speaking falsehoods, of myself to myself: and may not the like tongues perform the like tasks of others to others? I will know others by what they do themselves; but not learn myself by what I hear of others. I will be careful of mine own actions, not credulous of other's relations.

THE cross is but a sign of Christ crucified, Christ crucified the substance of this cross. The sign without the substance is as nothing, the substance without the sign is all things. I hate not the sign, though I adore but the substance. I will not blaspheme the cross of Christ, I will not worship but Christ crucified. I will take up my cross, I will love my cross, I will bear my cross, I will embrace my cross, yet not adore my cross. All knees shall bend in reverence to his name, mine never bow in idolatry to his image.

It is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. He more adorneth the creature, than he adareth the Creator; and makes not only his belly his god, but his body. I am ashamed of their glory, whose glory is their shame. If nature will needs have me to be proud of something, I will be proud only of this, that I am proud of nothing.

As the Giver of all things, so each receiver loveth a cheerful giver. For a bargain is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the mind of the party giving: which made the widow's mite of more worth than the riches of superfluity. I see then he gives not best that gives most; but he gives most that gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely: and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. He gives well, that gives willingly.

[ARTHUR WARWICK. 1637.]



## BIRD-CATCHING.

It is curious to observe the modes which ingenuity has devised for capturing birds, without depriving them of life, or injuring them. This of course excludes the operations of the sportsman, who can only capture the winged race by shooting them. The procuring of *singing birds*, for purposes of sale, forms the principal motive of the bird-catcher. We will briefly notice, in succession, the various methods adopted.

**By springes.**—Larks are frequently caught by what are termed *springes*, in the following manner. A line, from one to two hundred yards in length, having a horse-hair noose fixed at about every six inches of its length, is pegged down to the ground, and a few oats are sprinkled along it. The bird-catcher stations himself at such a distance as not to frighten the larks, while he can at the same time see when any are caught. The larks, pitching down to peck at the oats, get entangled in the horse-hair nooses attached to the line; and when five or six are thus entangled, the larker approaches and captures them. It is said that in the neighbourhood of Dunstable four thousand dozens of larks are taken annually by these means, and sent to the London market. In Lincolnshire and other fenny counties, a modification of the same plan is employed for the capture of woodcocks and snipes. Small barriers formed of sticks and stones, or of tops of brooms stuck in the ground, are made across the wet furrows of a field, with openings here and there; while horse-hair nooses are placed near these openings. The birds, finding a passage through these openings, are generally entangled by the nooses, and thus secured.

**By traps.**—The nightingale is often caught by a kind of trap. A trap—composed of a board and purse-net, which, by means of an elastic spring, falls when the bait is seized, in the same manner as the lid of a common cage trap—is placed, soon after sunrise, on a bank or some conspicuous spot in a wood frequented by nightingales. The bird-catcher, standing at a short distance from the trap, then imitates the note of the hen-nightingale; at the sound of which the male-birds fly with great swiftness towards the place, and are, by a bait being exhibited to them, caught in the trap.

**By bat-folding.**—Bat-folding, or bat-fowling, is one of the many ways in which a *net* is used for the capture of birds. The net employed is made of the strongest and finest twine, and is extended between two poles, each about ten feet long, in such a manner that the tapered ends of the poles meet at the top of the net. One of the men employed, holding the larger ends of the poles, stretches out his arms, by which the net is kept extended to the utmost opposite the hedge in which the birds are supposed to be. A second person carries a lanthorn attached to a pole, which he holds up behind the centre of the net (the capture being made by night), while one or two other persons place themselves on the opposite side of the hedge, which they beat with sticks in order to disturb the birds. The little flutterers being thus alarmed, fly in the direction of the light, but are intercepted by the net, which is immediately folded upon them. A dozen small birds, such as sparrows, linnets, or goldfinches, are often captured in this way by a single fold. The success of this method depends very much on the night being dark, in order to conceal the treacherous machinery from the birds.

**By trammel-nets.**—This is another mode of capture pursued by night. The trammel-net is from thirty to forty yards long, and from five to six wide; with a light pole fixed at each end to keep the net extended. Two men then seize hold of the net and draw it softly and lightly, in an open or expanded state, over the surface of the ground, in a spot where stubble and heath abound. Any birds which may be nestling in the stubble or heath, being disturbed by this movement, fly up in alarm, by

which they give a jerk to the net which is expanded over them; this jerk is felt by the men, and they immediately drop the net, by which the birds are secured. This is said to be a very destructive method of catching birds, and is principally employed by poachers, who thus get snipes, woodcocks, quails, partridges, and grouse, as well as the smaller birds. Sometimes, instead of dragging the net over the whole field, in uncertainty where birds may lie, a setter is employed with a very small lanthorn fixed to its neck. The dog, pointing to the spot where the birds may lie, of course presents the lanthorn in that direction; and the bird-catchers, by drawing the centre of the net over the dog's back, and dropping it a few yards before him, often capture a whole covey at once.

**By clap-nets.**—The substitution of day-light for night renders some change from the last-named plan necessary. A mode of catching which was formerly much in vogue, but is little practised at present was as follows:—a net, shorter than the one described in the last paragraph, was carried by two men mounted on horseback. A dog having found the game, the horsemen set off at full gallop, passed the net over the dog's back, and dropped it over the birds,—a thing which can only be done when the birds hover low. Larks are sometimes caught by day in similar nets, without the aid of horses, by appealing to the birds' sense of fear. One of the bird-catchers carries in his hand a long stick, at the end of which is a live-hawk, or a stuffed hawk, or a painted representative of this bird. In his other hand he holds one end of the net, the other end being held by a second man; and he then runs forward toward the larks, holding the (real or counterfeit) hawk as high in the air as he can. The birds, terrified at the sight of such an enemy, dare not stir for fear of attracting the attention of the hawk; and the men have thus but little difficulty in throwing the net over the birds.

**By decoy birds.**—But the most ingenious and elaborate method of employing nets, of which we have heard, is that which is practised by professional bird-catchers in the neighbourhood of London, in which decoy-birds are employed in addition to nets. It is said that in no other parts of Great Britain is this plan acted on; and a writer on the subject explains this by stating that—

There is no considerable sale for singing-birds except in the metropolis; and as the apparatus for this purpose is also heavy, and at the same time must be carried on a man's back, it prevents the bird-catchers from going more than three or four miles' distance from home. This method of bird-catching must have been long practised, as it is brought to most systematic perfection, and is attended with very considerable expense. The nets are a most ingenious piece of mechanism, generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one, on bare inspection, would imagine that a bird (who is so very quick in all his motions) could be caught by the nets flapping over each other, till he becomes eye-witness that the puller seldom fails.

The first thing which the bird-catcher has to do is to train his decoy-birds, or, as he terms them, *call-birds*. It is known that the moulting of a bird has a considerable effect on his *song* or voice; and the men contrive that the birds to be employed as call-birds shall moult earlier than those in the wild state. For this purpose they confine a certain number of birds in close boxes, covered with thick layers of flannel, and keep them in as confined and close an atmosphere as possible. If the poor birds survive this treatment, which is not always the case, the moulting takes place at an earlier period of the year than in the wild state, and they thus become what is termed in *song*.

A certain number of different kinds of birds being thus prepared, the bird-catcher proceeds to the field which he has chosen, and spreads his nets on the ground. He generally has with him about five or six linnets, two goldfinches, two greenfinches, a woodlark, a redpole, a yellowhammer, a titlark, a bullfinch, and an

aberdive, all trained to act as call-birds, and all placed in little cages at small distances from the nets. The sight and hearing of these birds infinitely exceed in acuteness those of the bird-catcher; and as soon as any of the wild birds are perceived, one of the call-birds of the same species immediately raises his voice, and all the rest soon follow in a loud, clear, and cheerful chorus. This call is not a *song*, it is a peculiar kind of chirp called by the bird-catchers *short jerks*; and when these *short jerks* are heard by the wild birds, they are instantly arrested in their flight, and attracted down to the spots near which the nets are placed; and the bird-catcher, watching his opportunity, closes his nets upon them.

The *jerks* here alluded to are not uttered much by the birds in their wild state; but the sort of emulation which seems to exist among them is such, that if one begins to jerk, the others will do so likewise, till they are exhausted. The bird-catchers sometimes lay wagers with one another as to whose bird can jerk the longest. They place the two birds opposite to each other, by an inch of candle, and the bird which jerks the greater number of times before the candle is burned out, wins the wager. A bird, under such circumstances, has been known to make a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and a linnet has been known to continue the emulation until he swooned from his perch.

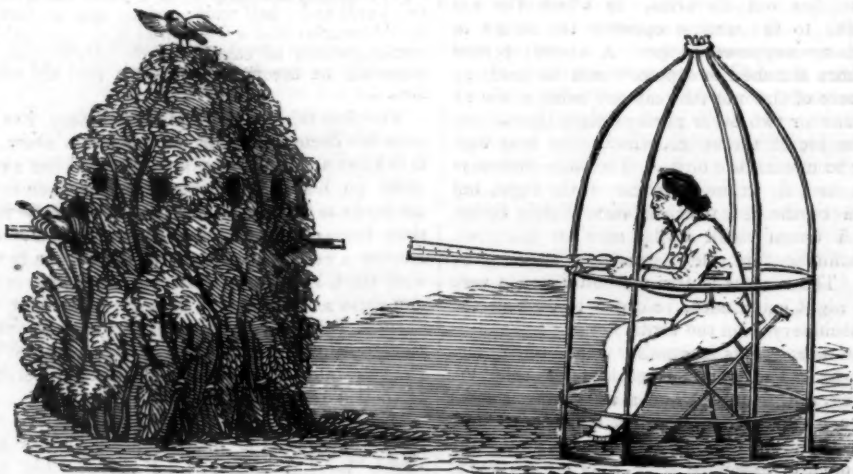
The bird-catchers just referred to also make use of decoys which they call *flur-birds*, to aid in their object. These are placed within the nets, and are raised upon the *flur* (a moveable perch, which the bird-catcher can raise at pleasure by means of a long string fastened to it) and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. The birds generally employed for this purpose, are a linnet, a goldfinch, and greenfinch, which are secured to the flur by what is called a *brace*, which secures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage. A curious additional contrivance is sometimes adopted, for the capture of larks. A few small bits of looking-glass are fixed to a piece of wood, placed in the middle of the net, and set into a quick whirling motion by a string which the lark commands. The glittering reflexion of the bits of glass attracts the larks, who dart down to within a foot of them, when the larker, watching his opportunity, pulls at and rarely misses them.

*By bird-lime.*—The mode of catching-birds by the adhesive action of bird-lime, is perhaps the most simple of all. This substance, as is well known, is of a very glutinous character. A large branch or bough of a tree, after being trimmed of the leaves and small shoots, is coated all over with bird-lime, in a layer sufficiently thick to be adhesive, but not so thick as to be detected by the

birds. The bough is then fixed on a low dead hedge, near a rick-yard, flax-field, or other place favourable to the resort of small birds. The bird-catcher, concealing himself as near the bough as he can, imitates with his mouth or with a bird-call, the notes of the birds which he wishes to attract. The birds approach, alight on the bough, and get stuck fast to it through the medium of the bird-lime; and when several are thus entangled, the bird-catcher approaches and takes them. Sometimes the birds are attracted by a decoy called a *stale*, which may be a hawk, a bat, or an owl, of which the last is the best. Whenever an owl shows itself by day-light, it is sure to be followed by all the small birds that see it; so that if an owl is fastened in some conspicuous place at a short distance from the limed bough, the birds will collect round it in great numbers, and will be sure sooner or later to settle on the bough, and to be taken.

*By a gourd.*—Of the various modes of catching birds in foreign countries, we have not room here to speak; but a practice is adopted in Mexico so singular, nay, indeed, ludicrous, that we cannot pass it over unnoticed. The Mexicans collect a number of very large gourds, which they throw into a lake frequented by wild fowl and other aquatic birds; and there leave them to float upon the surface of the water, in order that the fowl may be accustomed to see and approach them without fear. The bird-catcher then hollows out a large gourd, and having cut some very small holes in it through which he may see and breathe, he puts it over his head, and wades into the shallow parts of the lake, taking care never to show any part of his body above water. He then gradually approaches the fowls, and when near enough, gently pulls them under the water, one by one, and having killed them he puts them into a large bag which he carries with him. In this manner he soon fills his bag, since the fowls have no suspicion of what is going on amongst them, but imagining their companions to be only diving, they still continue to approach the gourd without fear. Our illustration represents a mode of taking birds employed in some parts of France. A frame, as represented in the second figure, is first constructed, and afterwards covered with boughs, among which are openings for the entrance of the birds. The bird-catcher sits within, and decoys the birds by some of the methods already alluded to; securing them by means of a kind of trap on which they unconsciously alight.

Perhaps the most fearful and perilous of all the modes of bird-catching, is that followed in the Shetland, Orkney, Hebrides, and Faroe Islands, an account of which has been given in the *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 228.



SINGULAR MODE OF CATCHING BIRDS.